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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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White and Clean Is the New Year

White and clean is the new year
When it is ushered in,
What shall it be in a twelvemonth—
Darkened and soiled by sin?
If we could keep it always white,
How the world would be filled with light!

Bright and sweet is the new day
When on the hills 'tis born;
Cleansed in the fires of sunrise,
Washed by the dews of morn.
If it were sweet till the coming eve,
What a glory on earth 'twould leave!

Fair and pure is a new life
Seen at the gates of birth.
What will it be at the ending—
Soiled with the dross of earth?
If from taint it were ever free.
What a joy to the world 'twould be!

All God's years are stainless;
All His days are white;
All His numberless eons,
Spotless as is the light.
Fair are His words as they wheel and run,
Bathed in the light of their central sun.

Only man in delusion,
Hatred and wrong and pain,
Sees with an evil vision,
Being divided in twain,
Looks on a life misunderstood,
Makes it evil that erst was good.

Center the thought on the noble,
Whiteness of mind and soul;
See the world as God made it,
Virgin and clean and whole;
Look on Him with a single eye.
So let evil and error die.

Then shall the year be beauteous
As when it came to earth;
Then shall the eve be stainless
As was the day at birth:
Then shall life on its brighter side
Unto the end seem glorified.

—*J. A. Edgerton*

A White New Year at the Farm House

BY ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

"May we not consider the matter settled, Miss Edgemore?"

"No, it is better to be slow in deciding, then one is sure. I would like till the first of the year to decide. I am going home, as you know. I will write from there."

"Is there any other plan in your mind?—if I may ask that without being obtrusive." There was an anxious wrinkle in Mr. Maye's usually smooth forehead.

"No—nothing definite. But I have a constitutional dislike to settling important matters without a careful examination of all their phases, and this I consider important. Do not you?"

"To me—yes. Our business is such that we are loth to put into responsible places those who have not had a long familiarity with its intricacies. And we are still more loth to part with one who has made herself invaluable—as you have."

"Thank you, Mr. Maye. Well, you will hear from me before the first, probably in person."

"I hope so! Well Merry Christmas, Miss Edgemore, and a happy New Year!"

Loretta Edgemore smiled at the emphasized "and." She knew what it meant—the hope of her return. She had worked for fourteen years with the firm of Maye, Daye & Company, and now had been offered—a new and strange departure for the old house—a partnership in the concern, with full control of one department. They had been her bankers during the years of her careful, conscientious service, and now offered her this safe investment for her money, as well as a position well fitted to her cultured taste and exceptional ability. That she should hesitate an hour on the question was a surprise to Mr. Madfred Maye, the senior partner. Indeed, her delay somewhat whetted his ever-alert business instinct, and he thought he scented another proposition somewhere competing with theirs. But Miss Edgemore vouchsafed him no information save what is recorded in the foregoing conversation.

On the old Edgemore farm all was pleasant bustle. "Loretty" was coming home for two weeks She did not visit home as often these late years as the love of father and mother craved, but, of course, how could it be expected? Years of business life in the city had brought around her many friends, interests, and demands that did not touch the farm-circle at all. The dear old people were mighty proud of "Loretty," and well might they be. When she was only fifteen she had begun to have ambitions. With a busy young brain she invented ways to earn money for herself, saved up enough for business college, took a thorough course, and in the twenty-five years since her ambition awoke she had made a clean, bright business record for herself, culminating in the honor paid her by Maye & Daye.

"Wife! You haven't forgotten how Loretty likes those mutton turnovers, have you? And the raspberry patties?"

"No, Joel. I have forgotten nothing—mothers never forget.

"Don't they? What's the matter, Lora? Not sorry the girl's coming home?" The farmer stretched out his labor-scarred hand and tenderly touched his wife's cheek.

She shook her head, the tears falling faster at the loving movement.

"I'm Just thinking, Joel—maybe I'm getting selfish They say old people do. But there won't be many more homecomings for the lass—we're getting well on in years. And—and—I'd like to see more of her. She's our only one."

"There, there, Lora. You're a bit blue. Tired, eh? Tell you what, when Loretty comes, I'll take you away for a day—our wedding day comes then—and we'll go off to the city ourselves. It's all right, Lora, only we must not get in the girl's way. She has her life to live, you know, when we are gone."

It was just a plain old farm-house—well cared for, but devoid of luxury. Joel and Lora were "plain folks" and in the busy care of field and fireside, cattle and dairy, and all the other work of afarm that is "never done," they found no time for "fixing up." The square little parlor had the same horsehair set that Loretta used to slide off in vain attempts to keep awake on the lonely Sundays when only the parlor was used. The walls were dingy, and everkthing about the house bore marys of age and wear.

The last of the "good things" were set in careful array in the pantry. Mother and father were stiff and serene in their best clothes, always donned for the first hours of the city girl's visit. She came, and they blessed her for her earnest, kindly ways, her thoughtful, generous gifts, her loving reverence to their years and their parenthood. Ah! yes, they were "mighty proud of Loretty!" But—and the trembling old hand secretly brushed away the tears that would fall, for she was their "only one," and their hearts yearned to "see more of her." Ah! the silent hunger of love that feeds on its tears and smiles!

They had some long, quiet evenings by the big hearth-fire, and the dear old people listened with wide eyes and flushed cheeks to their girl's stories of the city. She was always careful to make a note of things that she knew would please them, and thus they shared, in some measure, the wide and varied outlook of her life. Then, leaving her in charge for a couple of days, these lovers of almost half a century went a-jaunting to the town where they had known the sunny days of "courting." Mother was resplendent in a long, soft, warm cloak, and fine new bonnet that was stylish and yet kept the searching wind from aching ears; and father laughed at the neuralgia-breeding east wind in his fur cap and overcoat with great fur collar. Who wouldn't be "mighty proud" of a girl like "Loretty"! So they celebrated their wedding day with tears and smiles, and then—each with a hidden burden—went back to the farm, for Loretta could only be with them a few days more, and—who could tell what might happen before another year had rolled around?

In their absence Loretta had gone all over the old house. It was a time of reminiscence. "Up attic" she found her cradle, and remembered how she used to rock in it "the little brother that died." In the parlor were the old albums with the queer, faded, old pictures. But, more memory-awaking than all else, were the unchanged scenes from the low windows with their shining, time-scratched little panes. The distant hills, the rolling pasture, the dark woods, the winding creek—what was there in it all that wooed her so and moved her to tears? She looked around her on the age-stained walls, the old, well-preserved furniture, the few books—her own gifts of later years—what it must be to spend one's life in such surroundings! What a contrast to the city suite of rooms, the artistic wall-paper, the persian rug, the books the pictures! Ah! but this was home where the Lord's honored had kept the hearth, where her own character had been moulded, where father and mother had lived out the record of a united godly life.

Thus thought was busy until "the wedding-party" returned Then there were tellings and tears and laughter again.

"Well, daughter, you'll be on your way to the city soon again. Will you be quite so busy this next year? You couldn't come in oftener, could you?" said Joel, looking wistfully at his "girl." She made an attractive picture in her tailor-suit of blue, her snowy collar and cuffs, her tastefully dressed hair, her general air of refinement and ease and kindiness.

"I expect I shall be busier than ever, father. But I will write just as often—oftener if you are lonely."

"Lonely! Oh, daughter.—!"

"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter?" for now sobs were shaking the mother's slight form.

She shook her head. "Don't mind—me," she said, brokenly, "but—I love you—Loretty—and—you're all we've got—and—my old heart—gets—hungry-like. That's all. You've been dutiful and—beautiful, child!—but we're old and—you mustn't mind."

A veil dropped from Loretta's eyes. Had her father always been as white-haired, as bent, as tremulous, as he was to-night? Had mother aged thus in ten minutes? Why, ten years ago she was plump and rosy and brown-haired. How was it her eyes had been "holden" thus?

Lora got up and moved about the room striving to regain her self-control. Loretta noticed that the dear feet—once "light as a fairy's—dragged a little. Silence sat with the group before the dying fire.

Then the good-nights were quietly said. But in that quiet house three hearts kept watch. In Loretta's room the lamp burned all night; and under its glow lay open her Bible at the underscored words: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

When the day before New Year's came, it seemed to the daughter that her parents were grayer and feebler than they had been ever since her coming,

"Can you stay and watch out the Old Year with us, child?" They asked at breakfast.

"Yes, indeed. I do not need to be in the city till the 2d. Yes, we will have an old-time watch-night. We will have nuts and apples and stories before the fire. Then father will pray, and then, while the little New Year is pressing his rosy face against the panes, we will sing the old hymn, 'Come, let us anew our journey pursue.' We have done it ever since I can remember—we three!" Loretta spoke gaily, but her heart sank as she noted the look of sadness settle even more deeply on the faces of her beloved ones.

It was a beautiful winter night, that last night of the Old Year. They drew back the curtains and sat by the hearth alternately enjoying the starlit scene of snow-crowned hills aud the wonders that a picture-loving eye always finds "in the hollow down by the flare." But they did not talk much. Heart-voices had full sway.

When the "grandfather" clock in the corner pointed five minutes before midnight, they were on their knees, and Joel poured out his heart to God—thanks and praise for the past, trust and praise for the present, trust and praise for the future; and, above all—"Keep the steps of our child, crown her life with thy loving kindness! We thank thee for her love. She has been the crown of our old age. Now, O Father, as she goes back to her work, bless her and make her a blessing! We are old—our days decline—we may not meet again—keep thou us, O Lord, according to thy tender mercy, we pray thee!"

In the distsant city gongs were striking, guns were booming, horns and whistles and bells were clamoring the advent of the New Year. In the country, the starlit stretches of snow-clad fields lay still under the calm blue sky. All was well with God's world. The frost winked jovially at the jolly red twinkle from the farm windows.

They stood, embracing, by the leaping fire. Would another year bring them together again?

"I have a New Year's present, dear ones," said Loretta, standing between them and drawing them close to her. "Would you like a New Year's present?"

"You are our best gift, darling," murmured the mother, brokenly.

Loretta's laugh was salted with happy tears. "Well, that is just it. There is no place on earth like this dear home, and—I'm going to stay in it? Mother? Don't cry? Oh, father, did you want me so? Yes, I will be your girl again—till death part us?"

The next morning, when Joel had gone out to give a New Year's "extra" to his faithful gray, Lora opened the little parlor door and looked in. Then she called her daughter in a low, wondering voice, full of queer little joy-quavers.

"Loretty! Do tell me! Am I crazy—with joy! The old house looks all new. The walls look fresh, the rooms look bigger and less old-fashioned than before, and I do not feel tired this morning like I have generally been lately.

"It is all true, I am going to stay here for all time to come, for after all love is better than mere business success and brings with it a far greater pleasure and satisfaction."

COMMONWEALTH CLUB.

BOSTON, MASS.—The annual meeting of the Commonwealth Athletic Club was held on Friday evening, December eleventh, and all active members were present.

After the usual routine of business was carried through, an election of officers was in order. Quick as a flash, Mr Patrick J. Thibodeau, an ex collegian and one of the leading members of the club, took the floor and made a motion that Major A. E. Beauchene be renominated, and was quickly seconded by Mr. Raymond W. Valway. Then a notification form was formally presented to the major by the committe in the usual way, and Major Beauchene acknowledged with a smile and spoke, saying, "In view of the fact that the Commonwealth Athletic Club is in such a flourishing condition and the amount of interest my brother members have taken so keenly towards the welfare and up-building of the club, I gladly accept the re-nomination to head this mighty and ever-growing organization for the third term."

After balloting, Mayor Beauchene was declared re-elected without a single opposition in spite of cheering. The officers for the ensuing year of 1911 are as follows: Maj A.E. Beauchene, president; Herman A. Perkins, vice president; Raymoud W. Valway, secretary; Roy A. Wilder, treasurer; Edward A. McEntee, sergeant-at-arms. The Board of Governors consists of Herman A. Perkins, Raymond A. Valway, Patrick J, Thibodeau, Washington D. Acheson, Harry L. Cummings, O. V. Wahlstrom and A. E. Beauchene, *ex-officio* member.

Among the active members present were: Robert P. O'Connor, Stephen H. Henry, Humphrey B. Lutes. William J. McIntyre, Gregory J. O'Brien, John J. Roberts, William F. Bowes, Samuel C Pavitt, Fred Odiorne, Charles A. Craig, and Frank J. Quinn.

After lengthy discussion, all plans of the second grand annual concert and ball of the club, to be given in Whittier Hall, Everett Square, Everett, Mass., on Friday evening, January 27th, 1911, has been completed and there is every promise of a brilliant success in all respects, owing to the number of tickets already sold up to this time.

Prof. A. Carmosino's famous orchestra, formerly of the Boston Opera House, has been engaged at a great cost to render music.

R. W. VALWAY,
Secretary.

42 Mansfield St.,
Everett, Mass.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue.

REV. DR. B. A. ELZAS,
Minister.

ST. LOUIS

J. H. May,—5851 Von Versen Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Chas. Crusius is expecting a visit from her sister Nellie, who will arrive from California, in the near future.

Edward McGaugh (formerly of Union City, Tenn.), who has been St. Louis about one year, failed to find a job as printer, so he departed for Walden, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Haig and daughter, of Caseyville, Ill., arrived in this city Sunday morning, December 18th, and spent the day visiting Mr. and Mrs. Stafford.

R. P. Sutton with a party of firemen, belonging to the Seventh, Tenth and Fourteenth Depts., went on a hunting trip, near St. Charles, Mo., on Saturday afternoon, December 10th. While on a chase, Mr. Sutton met with an accident, in coming into contact with a barb-wire fence. He sustained a bad cut on one of his legs that came near proving serious. A physician was quickly summoned, who attended to the injury, so Mr. Sutton came out all right.

Miss Othella Stafford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, arrived home for the Christmas holidays. She is attending a Seminary at Lexington, Mo. She returns on January 3d.

Local Division, No. 24, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held an election recently, at which the following officers were elected: J. H. Burherr, President; Chas. Haig, of Caseyville, Ill, Vice-president; J. H. Cloud, Secretary; A. O. Steidemann, Treasurer; Sergeant-at Arms, S. Beck. All communications should be addressto Rev. J. H. Cloud, Secretary, 2606 Virginia Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Julius Schoenbeck (twin brother of Mrs. A. B. Dieckman), is in Chicago, Ill., where he is doing fine. He is well-known to most of the old time members of the ancient St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, that went out of business nearly two years ago,

WHERE IS LIZZIE HALL?

Mr. W. Stafford received a letter from Tulsa, Okla., inquiring for the whereabouts of Lizzie Hall.

We wish to say that the above Lizzie Hall is, so far, unknown to the writer or to any one residing in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dieckmann propose to celebrate Christmas in the good old-fashioned way of having an evergreen tree, laden with all the joys of childhood. They have three bright children, whose hearts will be gladdened at Yuletide

Rev. Charles Schubkegel conducted a Divine service on Christmas at Zion Lutheran Church.

Ye scribe wishes all the readers of the JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Edward Dolan was the only deaf-mute who attended the grand ball given by the employes of the Pullman Relief Association, on Saturday evening, December 10th. He reports that there was a large crowd on hand, and that the profits were large. The ball lasted all night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dieckmann and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Froning Sunday afternoon, December 18th. On that day their son, Earl August Froning, celebrated his birthday by entertaining a party of friends.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(*Interdenominational.*)

BOSTON.

Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.

Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August. 2:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointment.

E. CLAYTON WYAND,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence:
Mattapan Sta., Boston.

To these services all are welcome.

JACOB RODOSCHOSKY.

Jacob Rodoschosky, a deaf-mute and a Hebrew, died at the Alms House in Blackwell's Island, on Friday evening, December 8th, 1910, at the age of seventy years. He was born in Russia in 1840, and came to America after fruitless efforts to make a living. He was admitted to the Alms House in 1894, and has been there until his death. The cause of his death was due to chronic interstitial nephritis—pulmonary edema. The Charity Relief Committee of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf has rendered some assistance to the above person, although very little was done in the way of conversing, as he was not familiar with the sign language, although he used natural signs. Mrs. A. A. Cohn, president of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, was notified by the writer of his death, and arrangement was made for the funeral. It was deemed advisable to have the body cremated and the ashes preserved for burial as soon as a plot can be secured, which will be purchased by the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, through Rev. Elzas, for the express purpose of burying those who are too poor to pay for same.

A party composed of Rev. Elzas, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Messrs. Joseph Sweyd and Alex. Goldfogle and the writer, met at West 42d Street Ferry at 10:30 A.M., Sunday, and began the journey across the river. We took the trolley cars, and it was only a half hour ride when we got to the New York and New Jersey Cremation Company, at North Bergen, N. J. The hearse containing the coffin and body arrived somewhat earlier than we did, in spite of the severe snowstorm which occurred on that day. Many more of us would have been there, but for that snow storm, which kept them indoors.

The Crematorium is situated on the west side of the Palisades in North Bergen, overlooking the Hackensack Valley. It is surrounded by a small park about five acres. Thus securing absolute privacy and protection from the curious. The writer will try and give a clear idea of the various rooms, their appointment, and the beauty of the building of the Crematorium.

The main floor of the building is devoted to offices, reception hall and chapel. The second floor contains six columbaria for the retention of ashes and two waiting rooms. The basement contains a a vault for the temporary retention of bodies, and adjoining the basement are the retorts. There is nothing to suggest or magnify the the terrors of death about the place. There are no graves or tombstones in the surrounding grounds, no niches or receptacles for ashes, except to view. On the the main floor of the building is the reception room and a chapel, where an organ is placed and arranged so that such services may be held therein as may be desired. In the chapel there is a catafalque, where the coffin is placed and lowered by means of a small noiseless elevator after the funeral service is completed, which was officiated by Rev. Elzas, orally. When the coffin reaches the retort room it is placed in the retorts. After the reduction of the body the ashes are gathered and placed in a metal receptacle with the name of the deceased endorsed thereon and placed in the vault.

Having learned what cremation is, we then proceeded home believing that incineration of the dead was the only decent, kind, sanitary and sensible method of disposing of the cast-off shell of humanity.

LOUIS A. COHEN.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P.M.

Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion, first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

WASHINGTON.

The District of Columbia Branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association had its second jollification of the season at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss. By way of literary exercises the members had a repetition of Mr. R. P. McGoegor's speech at the Colorado Springs Convention by Mr. Marshall who, while he could not achieve the impossible by equalling the characteristic delivery of "Rob Roy," made his audience see Pike's Peak; a laughable dialogue by Mr. R. J. Stewart and Mrs. G. O. Erickson, Mr. and Mrs. Toodles, and the narration by Mr. Ballard and Dr. Hotchkiss of two interesting incidents of history.

The rest of the evening was passed in conversation, followed by refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitlocke came in from Silver Hill, Md., and Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin and Miss Kilgore came over from Baltimore to attend the metting and, like all the rest, went home with that satisfied feeling.

The National Literary Society met on the 1st instant. Dr. Gallaudet gave an interesting account of his summer's wanderings in Europe. The lecture was followed by a short informal reception, at which every one had an opportunity to shake hands and speak with the Doctor. The meeting having been again called to order, Mr. Bryant and Mr. Nicholson gave short talks on current topics, Mr. Bryant giving a brief resume of recent political happenings and Mr. Nicholson paying his respects to the ladies who wear birds' plumage on their hats. Mrs. Flood closed the literary program with a well-rendered declamation. It was decided to have the constitution and by-laws of the society revised and the president was empowered to appoint a committee for that purpose, to report at the January meeting.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Pfunder, on Dec 10. This is their second child, the first one having died when only a few months old. At last accounts Mrs. Pfunder and the baby were doing well.

Mr. Faison bas decided to return home to North Carolina, to wait until his cousin comes to Congress and gives him that swivel-chair job.

H. S. Edington ran a big sliver of wood into his hand the other day and had to have the hand dressed by a surgeon.

The St. Barnabas Mission will have its Christmas Festival on the evening December 30th, in the Parish Hall of the Church of the God Shepherd, corner of Sixth and I Streets, N. E. All friends of the Mission are invited to attend. A good time and a cordial welcome is assured. There will be no charge for admission.

Anent the N. A. D.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—As the President of the N. A. D. is earnestly endeavoring to find out the sentiment of the membership in regard to the next meeting place, permit me to say that the Travis Club of Austin has uoted unanimously in favor of Omaha.

I wish to call Rev. Mr. Cloud's attention to the above also to the fact that at Colorado Springs I voted for Omaha. In his letter to the *Silent Worker*, he accuses the deaf of the South of sectionalism and voting solidly at the behest of Rev. Mr. Michaels. No one should be ashamed to acknowlege such a leader, but Rev. Cloud should allow us more individuality. Indeed, he will find the Austin crowd as cosmopolitan as that of St. Louis, neither do we appose him as a man.

It has occurred to me it would be a good idea for the President of the N. A. D. to choose a special committee to advertise for and make arrangements to place an exhibit of the handiwork of the deaf at the Panama Exposition in 1915. It we wait until 1913 for a new administration, we will not have time in which to gather an exhibit that will do ourselves justice. I think the subject broad enough to warrant the appointment of a special committee.

OWEN G. CARRELL.

AUSTIN, TEXAS,
December 14, 1910.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 409 Fulton Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - - - $1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humble and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slave most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE excellent address delivered by Prof. J. Schuyler Long, before an assemblage of pupils of the Mississippi Institution and others, on "Gallaudet Day," December 10th, which is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL, is a veritable feast in the line of mental pabulum. It will repay any deaf man or woman to peruse it, think over it and act upon the suggestions it offers. It will redound to the benefit of the deaf if they can pass it on to their hearing friends and induce them to read it. Dealing as it does particularly with the deaf, and coming from the brain of a thinker, a scholar and a man of large experience among deaf children and adults, the writer knew the special points to emphasize and the proper line of philosophy to present. Very eloquent as a whole, it is permeated with a spirit of frank and straightforward virility.

We do not wish to appear hypercritical, but for the sake of historical accuracy, we would make a slight correction. Prof. Long says that the New York Institution was founded "a few years later (after the first school at Hartford in 1817) by a teacher from the Hartford School." The writer evidently refers to Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, who gave the New York Institution its real, progressive and permanent impetus as an institution of recognized educational character. But as a matter of fact, Harvey P. Peet took charge of the Institution in February, 1831; whereas the New York Institution was chartered on the same day that the Hartford "Asylum" was opened to pupils, April 15th, 1817, and began its work of education in the spring of 1818, the first superintendent being Abraham O. Stansbury.

THIS issue of the JOURNAL rounds out thirty-nine years of valuable service as a disseminator of information concerning the deaf. It's work during the year 1910 has been in line with the effort always observed in the past, to champion every good cause that concerns the deaf as a class. Its record for the year includes everything of importance that has transpired at public gatherings of the deaf, and no convention, either State or national, has failed to get a full and detailed report of the business transacted, the papers presented, and the resolutions adopted. Next year offers still greater opportunities for the newspapers for the deaf as also for the deaf as individuals. Old Opportunity will again knock at every man's door, and to all should come the spirit of Judge Malone's poem and the resolve to follow the inspiration given in the lines—

"Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow."

THE PRICE.

Address delivered by Prof. J. Schuyler Long, at the Mississippi Institution, December 10th, 1910.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: We who are deaf here tonight have one spirit in common, the feeling of fellowship that comes from the kinship of the a common cause; a joyful sense of possession in the education we have in spite of deafness, that has lifted us to a higher plane, whence we behold a wider horizon and view all God's wondrous world and all its blessings with a greater appreciation; a thankfulness for the language of signs which makes it possible for me to stand here tonight and talk to you, knowing that you will understand. And as I look down into your eyes and you look up into mine, we are drawn together by that touch of Nature that makes us kin. And I know that gratitude fills each of your hearts for all the blessings of education which you enjoy.

Those who can hear have enjoyed such gatherings as this since time began and they can not at once realize what it all means to us; but one hundred years ago the ideal of a public assemblage of deaf-mutes "listening" to a lecture with their eyes and understanding every bit of it, had not entered the mind of man. What would the world have thought then of the convention held in Colorado Springs last summer to which came deaf men and women from all over the country, who discussed with keen interest and intelligence, following parliamentary law and usage, subjects of importance to themselves and their welfare?

We are here tonight to do honor to the man whose labors made not only this meeting, but every meeting of the deaf anywhere in America possible, whose life was to us a benediction, whose inspiration, conceived in the spirit of philanthropy, emancipated the deaf from the mental slavery of ages, and laid the foundations of the first school and every school for the deaf in this country.

We are here directly by the grace of that enlightened spirit of the age which recognizes that all men are created equal in the right to an education and the pursuit of happiness. But it was the labors of Thos. H. Gallaudet that brought the deaf within reach of that enlightenment and brought recognition of their rights. It was his to prove that deafness need not lock the intellect in impenetrable darkness and doom the victim to everlasting ignorance; his not only to bring the first ray of light to those bound in silence, but to bring conviction to those in authority so that they might see and believe and thus grant to the deaf those rights and privileges which the ignorance and prejudice of former times had denied them.

It does not detract from his glory to say that others might have done this thing; that it had been done in Europe, and any one might have done it in this country. No one else did, and the world owes its debts to those who achieve, to those who act while others wait. Some other leader might have brought the Jews out of Egypt; some one else might have discovered America; some other brain might have conceived and proved the law of gravitation But Moses was the man who who did lead the Jews, Columbus who did discover America, and Newton who did discover and prove the law which brings an apple to the ground; and to Moses, Columbus and Newton, the world bows in deserved homage, because they were the men who were brave enough—because they were the men who did things.

Some one else might eventually have brought the blessing of an education to the deaf in America, but Thos. H. Gallaudet did it, and to him we pay our grateful debt.

In his connection with the deaf, we first see Gallaudet a young man just out of college, in a little garden watching some neighboring children at play. Great events often have their inception in apparently trifling incidents, and so it was in this case. Among the children was a little deaf girl, Alice Cogswell, the daughter of a physician. No one has thought it possible to educate Alice, because no one was ever known to do it before. But Gallaudet's sympathies are awakened; and because other men have not done things, does not stop him. He wonders, as he watches her apt imitation of her playmates in the familiar game of "hide and seek," whether there is not some way to reach the intelligence that shows in her bright eyes and open it to knowledge. He tries an experiment: taking his hat in his hand he calls her to him and soon has made her understand that the letters "h-a-t" stand for the object in his hand. The first step toward educating the deaf in America is taken; the great work for which the name of Gallaudet stands to-day has had its beginning.

Next we see him on his way to England, with a commission from Alice's father and other men interested in the work, to find out how the deaf may be educated and bring the knowledge back with him. On reaching there he finds the work is in the hands of the Braidwood family, who guarded their methods with secrecy and refused to give any assistance to the young man. Thru the mysterious guidance of Providence he meets the Abbe Sicard, the master of a school for the deaf in Paris. He accepts Sicard's invitation to visit his school and receive freely whatever the school has to offer in the way of assistance. A year later sees him on his way home, his mission accomplished. He has with him to help him in the work a deaf graduate of the Paris school—Laurent Clerc. To Clerc more than to any one else we owe our knowledge of the sign language, and in paying our debt of gratitude to Gallaudet let us pause to remember this deaf man too.

Finally, in the Spring of 1817, we see the first school for the deaf in America established by Gallaudet at Hartford with its seven pupils, and the work is begun—but just begun, for the great task lies before him. It is no easy problem to solve the difficulties confronting the new school; no easy accomplishment to secure money to carry on the work from a skeptical public. But patiently and perseveringly he labored, firm in his faith, and guided by the hand of Providence he carried the school through its early difficulties. People saw and believed, and a new day for the deaf had dawned.

A few years later a teacher from the Hartford school founded a school in New York; another started one in Philadelphia, the birthplace of Gallaudet. One by one other States fell in line, a year ago seeing one established in Idaho, and steps are now being taken to establish one in Arizona. The little school at Hartford with its seven pupils has multiplied into more than 120 States and private school's with more than 12,000 pupils, and 50,000 deaf people today in this country join in the expression of gratitude to the man who made all this possible.

The work has been carried to the Philippines by an American lady, and an American woman carried the work to China and has been laboring there for many years. Nevada and Alaska, and possibly Hawaii, alone of all Territories under the government of the U. S. yet lack provision for educating the deaf. But it will come to these in time, and then truly the sun will never rise upon a State or country where the deaf need grow up in ignorance for want of opportunity to learn.

Thirty years after the establishment of the first school for the deaf at Hartford, Gallaudet's son, E. M., was called to tho head of a little school at Washington. With the courage that marked the career of his father and with a firm faith in the deaf, a few years later he went before Congress and made the first move toward establishing a college for the deaf: he asked for authority to confer degrees. He was ridiculed and insulted and all sorts of difficulties placed in his path. Finally he succeeded, but only after years of effort and struggle was the college placed upon a strong foundation.

Do you pride yourself on the education you have? On the recognition you have received from the State and society? And the condition of independence to which the deaf have attained? You owe it to Thos. H. Gallaudet. Do you appreciate that the deaf can receive the benefits of a higher education and that by this education they have been able to succeed in positions of trust and confidence and to successfully follow many of the higher professions hitherto closed to them? You owe it to Edward M. Gallaudet, his son. I do not for a moment doubt that every one here feels the sense of gratitude due.

Others are carrying on his work where Gallaudet showed the way; other minds are working out the problems of your education and planning further uplift for the deaf, but to Gallaudet we owe the inspiration that made it all possible. Thanks to modern invention and the generosity of the deaf, we will soon have a moving picture film of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet in the act of delivering an address in the sign language, and future generations will receive his message to the deaf in life-like reality, thrown upon a screen before their eyes

If we go over a little of the history of the past, we will understand better what all has done for the deaf. It is true that history has very little to say about the deaf, but it is rather from what it does not say that we get our knowledge. Cursing the deaf is mentioned among the Jews of the Old Testament times; the Romans denied them civil rights, and we are told were frequently wont to get rid of them as the Spartans did their crippled children. We have no instances that the deaf received any consideration during the past and for a long time the church denied that they could go to heaven, because being deaf they could not be taught about God and understand the means of salvation. We do not have to go so far back, however, to understand where we would be without an education. We still meet uneducated deaf people. When I taught in the Wisconsin school several years ago, a new "pupil", 52 years old came to the school, being brought by her uncle. She was a bright-looking old lady and could sew and work well. She had never been to school, but realized her condition and even at this age still yearned for some knowledge. She was, of course, placed with little children to learn to read and write. It was pathetic the way she would point to the tots around her and express the difference between them and herself. She had to give up after a year to live the rest of her life still in ignorance and blame those who had kept her from school during her childhood.

But this not so in your case. You live in a new era. People no longer curse the deaf as the Jews did; do not throw them into the river as the Romans did; you are no longer neglected, allowed to grow up ignorant and dependent; you are given the knowledge of books and taught to work with your hands as well as brains.

But mind that you do not get just a little knowledge and then mistake cunning and trickery for brain work, as did the Indian in Massachusetts. During those early days of the Pilgrim, the settlers were greatly bothered by lazy and begging Indians. Governor Bradford determined to put a stop to it and had them frequently arrested and driven from the colony. There was one old scamp who would not learn by experience, but kept coming back to renew his begging.

One day he was brought before the governor.

"Why do you go around in lazy fashion begging and depending upon the white people? If you want to eat you should get out and work for it," said the governor sternly.

The Indian looked at the governor sitting in his chair before a table. "Why don't you work? You sit at the table all day and no work; same as me," replied Indian.

"You do not understand," said Bradford, "I work with my head—brain work," he explained.

The Indian grunted and said nothing.

The governor leaned forward and wrote upon some paper a few minutes. When he had finished it he placed it into an envelope and handed it to the Indian, telling him:

"Now, you take this letter to Miles Standish and he will tell you what to do."

The Indian departed, but instead of going to Miles Standish he took the letter to the home of the governor and sought out his hired man, gave it to him and told him the governor wished him to take it to the captain.

The unsuspecting workman did as he was told, and on arriving at the captain's quarters handed him the note.

This is what the captain read: "Give the bearer ten lashes, and lay it on good."

Thereupon Standish called in the gaoler and punishment was inflicted.

Smarting under the wrong he felt had been done him, the hired man went home and waited till the governor returned. He then went to him asked why he had been punished as he knew of no wrong he had done. Of course the governor denied it, and the story of the Indian and letter came out.

The governor was burning with wrath. The next day he sent out a soldier to hunt up the Indian and bring him in.

"What did you mean by giving that letter to my hired man as you did yesterday, instead of taking it yourself as I told you?" demanded the angry governor.

"Brain work," said the Indian.

But the governor could not see the fun of it and sent the Indian with a guard to get double his punishment.

I am afraid some deaf people mistake a little learning for brains, and by cleverness and working on people's sympathies seek to make a living without hard work, and that is all wrong, for it injures you and me.

We have thus far been considering the benefits we have received; we have acknowledged our indebtedness to our benefactor and have shown we realize all that has been done for us. Now there is other thing to consider.

For everything we receive we must pay a price. When you go into a store and buy something, you must pay a price for it. When you get some one to help you work you must pay a price for that labor. If you break the rules or the law, you will get punished for it: the punishment is the price of your disobedience. If you do not obey nature's laws, and eat too much on Thanksgiving or are careless about your health, you will suffer with illness; that is the price of your indulgence.

So everything has its price. You can never get something for nothing. The price is not always money. If you want good crops, you must work hard, clean out the weeds and plow often and well. This work is the price of good crops. So hard study and hard work is the price of a good education.

All these benefits which you have received have their price. The education that has changed your condition from one of ignorance and dependence to one of intelligence and independence and lifted you from the position of an outcast to that of citizenship and social equality, has its price. And the price of these blessings is responsibility—a demand for an accounting.

That means that you must assume a part in the world's work; that you have responsibilities and obligations to society and the state. This is the price of your education. More now is expected of you than in the past.

This is a universal law. The more one can do, the more is expected of him. It is a case of the man and the talents.

Little Tommy had outgrown his kilts and reached the dignity of pants; he forthwith withdrew from his former companions who still wore dresses and sought the company of older playmates.

"Why don't you go and play with your little friends any more?" asked his mother one day.

"Why mamma, I can't play with those little boys, because I wear pants now," he replied.

That was enough for him; his pants placed him in a new position in society and he realized more was demanded of him.

So it is in the growth of the boy to manhood: more and more is expected as the boy grows older. So it has been in the history of nations: we expect more of a people as they advance in civilization. So it is now with the deaf: now that they are more capable they must accept more responsibility

The state acknowledges its duty to educate hearing children of its citizens But this is not done as a philanthropy. The state does it for its own advantage. It recognizes that in the education of its citizens lies its own protection, the better educated the people are, the less crime and the less danger to the state and society, greater respect for law and a higher standard for social virtue. She state does its duty to its citizens, but it demands the price.

The state did not at first educate its deaf children, because they did not appear capable of citizenship and therfore it was not a profitable investments. They were considered as to coming within the pale of social or civic life. They were dependents—a burden for the state. So it was in Europe till Ponce de Leon in Spain, Heinicke in Germany, and De l'Epee in France, showed otherwise. So it was in this country till Gallaudet overcame the ideas and prejudices of the time that people had against the deaf. These prejudices are not entirely removed, but by and by they will be. The state now assumes its duty of educating the deaf, but when it shows the same consideration to them that it does to their hearing brothers and sisters it demands the same price—duties of citizenship.

One of the mistakes you are apt to fall into is of expecting too much to be done for you. Depending upon the school so long and having every thing supplied, you are apt to think that things come too easily, and expect similar help and comforts when you leave school. But the world has troubles of its own.

The State has done its part; now it's your turn. Do not think because society has given you an education it also owes you a living. That is your part to earn—your responsibility, and you can not shirk it.

In some states the deaf are excused from paying poll tax on the ground of "physical disability." I am ashamed to say that some of them claim this exemption. I know one man who got excused and then went and hired out to work on the streets to work out the poll taxes for other men, for which he was paid. Contrast this with the action of the deaf of Texas, who not many years ago entered protest for being exempted. They wished to be recognized as citizens on an equality with all others. But if we want that recognition we must assume equal obligations. Never let your deafness be offered as an excuse to evade your plain duty to society. Impostors walk the streets of our cities and work upon the sympathies of kind people, because all have not yet learned that the deaf are really a self-supporting body of citizens, and the real deaf rarely go around soliciting charity. It is a shame for those who do, and brings reproach on all of us. Never let your misfortune be made an excuse for accepting assistance that you do not deserve.

Let your pride prevent yon from doing anything like that.

Perhaps you have heard about an Italian violinist, named Paganini. Paganini won his way thru struggles of poverty to fame and success, One night he was giving a performance before a large audience. While tuning his violin one of the strings broke. The audience felt a tinge of disappointment. There would be no time for him to get a new string, and the people had come to hear the great Pagani and we had but three strings to his instrument. As the tuning continued one more string broke and the audience murmured. Presently still another broke, and the people expressed their disappointment in audible whispers. They felt that they would lose the pleasnre of the evening, for there was but one string to Paganini's violin.

Paganini now stepped forward; he held up his hand and he said simply, "One string and Paganini." Then, handicapped as he was, he drew wonderful music from the string that remained until the audience were astonished and enraptured.

We have lost not three, but only one "string" to our lives; with the four remaining we are still much better off than many others.

In Omaha there is a young man named John Gordon. His back is broken and his lower limbs are paralized; for six years he has never left his bed. But propped up on pillows he carries on by correspondence a magazine subscription agency. He is handicapped as few men are in this world—nearly all his "strings" are broken, but he does not give up. By his brave fight he has made a living, and by winning certain prizes has been able to donate large sums of money to institutions that need help.

Some of the institutions have pupils who are both blind and deaf—with two "strings" broken. Yet we see them showing wonderful contentment and taking up their duties of life without a murmur.

Not long since there are a young man in Nebraska who shot himself because he was deaf. He was young, rich and well educated, having had a private teacher. But he had grown tired of life, because he felt that deafness denied him certain social pleasure and gave up because he was not brave enough to bear the loss of one "string." His whole view of life was wrong. Deafness shuts us out from cetain pleasures in life, no doubt, but there are others still left for us. So long as we have health and strength we have no right to complain Every one has some cross to bear; deafness is ours, and let us cheerfully go about our business and do that part in the world's work which is assigned to us, with the spirit of Henley's poem.

"Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the strong stress of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Have you ever heard about the "Message to Garcia?" Just previous to the Spanish-America war President McKinley wished to send a letter to Gen. Garcia in Cuba. Gen. Garcia was at the head of the Cubans who were fighting Spain for their freedom, and McKinley wanted to arrange with Garcia to cooperate with the U. S troops. But where was Garcia? No one in America knew. Spanish soldiers guarded every entrance to Cuba. All we knew was that Garcia was somewhere in the interior of Cuba. But the letter must be sent. Some one must be found who would enter the island, find his way thru Spanish lines, seek out Garcia and deliver to him the message. Finally a young lieutenant named Rowan was picked out. He was given the letter and told to deliver it to Garcia. No one could tell him where Garcia was; no one could give him a map of the country and tell him how to find his way; he was simply told to take the message to Garcia.

He was taken in a U. S. ship to a secret place on the coast of Cuba and set ashore, and was soon lost in the interior. Weeks passed and no word from Rowan nor Garcia. But finally one day Rowan appeared in Washington with the answer to McKinley's letter from Garcia He had performed his task; he found Garcia and delivered his message.

How many Rowans are there among the deaf? How many who can be given a duty to perform and do it? The world needs many Rowans. Its best position and its salaries are for them.

Now there is one other responsibility which your education imposes on you. You are responsible for what the world will think of the deaf as a class or individually; for how your fellow deaf shall be received in society. Whether the state shall continue in its liberal provision for the education of succeeding generations of the deaf, depends upon what use you make of the advantages offered and whether you have acquitted yourselves worthily after having been given these advantages.

Perhaps you go out from school and look for a job. The foreman asks you what you can do; you tell him what you have learned at school and he puts you to work. If you make good and please him, you have made it easy for other deaf men to secure employment there or elsewhere.

In Council Bluffs there is a factory that will not employ a deaf workman under any circumstances.

All because the first one they had was no good, and the owners have determined that all deaf workmen are worthless. It is quite different in another factory in the same town.

Not long ago I read of an employer writing to the superintendent of a school asking him for more workmen like Mr. Blank, a graduate of his school, because that man had proven so acceptable. So in a certain knitting factory in Illinois they advertise for deaf girls to come and work for them, because he first deaf girls they had made such a good impression on them. So you will be responsible for the impression you make for good or bad about the deaf. People are not always to blame for their prejudices against the deaf.

May be they have had some disagreeable experience with some them.

And it will be part of your responsibility to help remove these prejudices.

While I lived in Washington, I often went to see a family of friends in the city. One time when I was there I met a young man whose conduct was so rude and insolent that I could not understand how my friend could tolerate him. But she did not seem to mind it in the least. On a later visit I referred to him and expressed my surprise that he should act so.

"Oh, he is Spanish," said my friend, and laughed as if that fact explained and excused the whole matter.

How many times since have I blushed for my fellows when some one said, "Oh he is deaf," to explain and excuse some of their foolish acts. Make the most of your education; make use of your opportunities now so that it may never be said of you.

I am reminded of a story a minister told me the other day. It happened at a convention that he was met by a certain deaf man.

"Can you keep a day for me next Sept. or Oct.?" he asked of the minister.

"What do you wish?" inquired the latter.

"I want you to put a date down in your book and keep it for me when I want you to do something for me next fall," he replied.

"It is a long time ahead now, I cannot tell. Write me later and perhaps I can arrange it. But what do you want me to do for you?"

"Oh I want some business," he said.

"But I must know what it is. Are you going to get married?" the minister finally asked.

"Y-e-s, "hesitatingly, he admitted. "But you must keep it secret," said the young man.

"All right," said the preacher. Then he asked, "Who are you going to marry?"

"Oh, I have not found the girl yet?" he said.

This fellow was matched by another. He was anxious to get married and picked out a young lady whom he decided would make a good wife. But as yet he could only admire her at a distance. He did not know her very well and she had scorned his atenttions. But he had heard that a license secured at the court house figured in the proceedings, and it occurred to him that this license was a sort of mandate from the law, so that if he were armed with a license he could go and marry whomsoever he pleased.

He straightway went and got the license and visited the girl. he demanded that she gets ready for the wedding.

"What wedding?" asked the amazed girl.

"Why yon are to marry me, see," said he, bringing forth the license, here is the command from the court; you must marry me now."

But she did not do it.

It is such things as these that make people wonder whether the deaf are really educated or not. But we know that these are exceptions, and that there are stupid deaf people the same as there are stupid hearing people; nevertheless people judge by those they meet, and each of you is responsible for the impression you make.

Before closing I would like to read a few verses of my own touching the matter of gratitude for our benefactors:

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst send
The men inspired to guide
Our darkened minds unto the light
That nature's wrong denied.

No part in life's great plan we knew
Till Thou in mercy sent
These messengers of light to us,
And now we are content.

We thank Thee still for all the joys
That from this light have come,
And that we still have ways to sing,
Although our lips are dumb.

And that, although for us, we know,
There is no joy in sound,
Our eyes may find the soul's delight
In beauty all around.

We see in the years to come a greater future for the deaf, greater triumphs in their education; greater successes and wider fields of employment opened to them. And what this future may be depends upon you. You are now receiving benefits. The magnificent school around you shows your state is doing its duty; now do yours. And when you have received all that the state can give, do not shirk to pay the price. Accept the obligation laid upon you by the debt to our benefactors. And when you leave this little school of preparation for the greater world of events, may you realize your responsibilities and acquit yourselves like deserving men and women to the honor of Gallaudet, the credit of yourselves and to the glory of your state.

Obituary.

Mrs. Henrietta Heyen Waidler, wife of John Waidler, of New York, died of pneumonia on Tuesday morning, November twenty-ninth.

She leaves her surviving husband, three sons and six daughters, one whom, Annie L., now Mrs. Gibson McConnell, of Flushing, L. I., is a graduate of the Institute for the Deaf-Mutes of New York, "Fanwood." She also leaves eight granddaughters and six grandsons. Mrs. Waidler was much interested in the work of the Institution and was well kuown among many of the teachers and scholars. Her burial took place on December 2d, at New Rochelle, N. Y.

'The deaf and others' who visit the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes on December 25th to January 7th will find the Reception room decorated beautifully, through the skill and designing of Edward Duran.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

In last week's chronicle, mention was made of the admission to the Gallaudet Home of George Lucas Reynolds, of Brooklyn. His term of care and maintenance at that benevolent institution was very brief, extending from the 9th to the 21st of December, when he passed peacefully away. Death was caused by consumption.

The funeral occurred from an undertaking establishment on Manhattan Avenue, in Greenpoint, the service being conducted by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. The remains were in a fine broadcloth covered casket with silver nameplate and trimmings.

Those of the deaf present were Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap, Messrs Valles, Gilbert, Juhring, Hodgson J. Ten Eyck Litchfield and Dr. Fox.

George L. Reynolds was a graduate of the New York Institution and was fifty-six years old at the time of his death. He became deaf in boyhood, and possessed a fine command of grammatical English and a degree of intelligence and culture far beyond the ordinary. He was at one time (for several years) a teacher at the Northern New York Institution at Malone, but most of his life after leaving school was spent in the employ of a New York Banknote Company. He was always a man of good habits and respectability, and in the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers he did efficient work in official capacity as well as in the ranks of the organization.

The remains were interred in the family plot in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

A Bible Class for deaf mutes has been formed at the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, Bushwick Avenue and Cornelia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the interest of deaf-mutes in the vicinity and elsewhere. The class has been in existence for the past six weeks and meets every Sunday afternoon with the main school at two thirty o'clock, and a brief outline of the lesson is reviewed until four o'clock. The authorities, including the Rev. John Lewis Clark of the church, have passed unanimously an agreement to welcome all the deaf of our city and to this end have been kind enough to set aside a room for them in which they might be at liberty to converse without the dread of onlookers, although considerable enthusiasm has been aroused in the church since the organization of the class and every individual has pledged himself to help the class and its members to a good social. The class is under the instruction Mr. Frederick Kinsey, and it is planned that within the near future a reception will be tendered the deaf-mutes through the kindness of the hearing folk of the church. An evening is set aside for the entertainment of the deaf and their friends every month. There are quite a number in attendance at the present time and Mr. Kinsey would like to see more interested in the movement for in consideration of the privileges and advantages offered the deaf mutes over that of any other such class, the deaf-mutes certainly ought to be thankful to the Congregational Church and its interested membership.

Principal Enoch H. Currier has praised the movement and he and Prof. W. G. Jones have arranged to give lectures in the near future. The editor of this JOURNAL wrote a most encouraging letter to Rev. Clark of the church from which the following is an extract :—

"I quite appreciate the beneficial work and influence that Bible teaching will have upon one somewhat neglected deaf of your city, and am in entire sympathy with the movement. I am sure Mr. Kinsey is peculiarly well fitted for the work and I hope he will have all the success that the personal labor and self-sacrifice deserves."

This was also published in the Brooklyn *Chat* and soon after its publications inquiries come in from all sources as to its intentions and future strength. Rev. Clark says, "The deaf are all welcome and I will give them a hearty reception any time and our church is their church home."

Miss Jennie Goldstein, of Providence, R. I., will go to New York as the guest of her brothers. She will attend the "Whist Party and Watch Night," and the Entertainment and Ball of January 7th. She expects to see some of the teachers who used to teach at the Rhode Island Institute for the Deaf.

Miss Ethelburga Zell, of Columbus, Ohio, is spending a week in East Orange, N. J., with Miss Annabelle Kent. On Tuesday last, in company with Dr. Fox, Mrs. Heyman and her sister, and Miss Kent, Miss Zell visited the New York Institution and made a brief call at the JOURNAL office.

On December 26th, baskets of Christmas cheer were sent to several families and to fourteen persons free dinners were served in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain preceded the feast with the invocation of the Divine blessing. In the evening, Consecration Day service was held.

The newspapers herald the engagement of Miss Helen G. Waters, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Keith Watt Morris, of this city. The young man is heir to a big fortune, while his bride is a beautiful and charming deaf lady, of fine family and superior accomplishments.

The venerable Franklin Campbell celebrated the 85th anniversary of his birthday on Christmas day. Friends called bringing Christmas cheer to the good old man, now bedridden. He was the recipient of many dainties and goodies from friends.

Miss Regan, principal of the day school for deaf children of this city, died last week after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. She is said to have been quite talented as a teacher of speech and lip-reading.

Mr. William S. Abrams, who was chairman of the Thanksgiving and Christmas donations towards dinners for the poor and needy, extends thanks to all contributors for their generosity.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Perry, of Washington St., Orange, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Josephine M. Burke, to Mr. Walter I. Calahan, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. John Chamberlain is slowly recovering from an attack of pneumonia, for which her many friends give joyful thanks.

Mrs. Sol D. Weil, of Buffalo, N. Y., is in New York for a couple of weeks as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Simonson.

Mrs. Vetterlein's daughter, Helen, is spending a few days on the farm her of uncle, at East Northport, L I.

Miss Sharp, a Gallaudet College Co-ed, is spending the holidays in New York.

Peter Fatier is in Bellevue Hospital quite sick with pneumonia.

Miss Nettie Miller spent Christmas holiday in Tarrytown, N. Y.

There is a letter for Mrs. Flanagan at the JOURNAL office.

FEDERATION?

EDITOR JOURNAL :—I understand that the National Association of the Deaf at its Colorado Springs Convention voted for a federation of State Associations.

If that is so, isn't it about time that the Empire State Association was waking up and discussing whether or not to join the National body?

Personally, I was opposed to the federation plan ; but since the National Association has voted for it, it behooves all who have the welfare of the deaf at heart to put their shoulders to the wheel and push, irrespective of their belief as to its being the best plan or not. Give it a thorough try-out. If it fails, let the failure be due to the plan itself, not to opposition to it. No plan, however good, can succeed as well in the face of opposition as it could if all took hold and tried to make it a success. Also, a plan that might succeed if it received unanimous support, might fail because of opposition to it.

Discussing the pros and cons of the question is bound to take time, and if we are to have a Convention of the Empire State Association this year, we must get busy and get our ideas in shape for the presentation to the Convention. It is also probable that there are other matters that will require attention at the next Convention, and which it would be well to thresh out in the press beforehand, that we may go before the Convention with a clearer understanding of what we are to take action on.

It is two years since the last State Convention at Buffalo, and we can't let a third go by without a Convention. And many of those who will wish to attend the next Convention will, in many instances, want advance information as to time, place, subjects for discussion, etc. The affairs of the Association have been as quiescent since the Buffalo Convention, that many have lost track of things, and some I have met do not even remember who the officers of the Association are!

Would it not be well for the president, secretary, or some well posted member to give the public an exposition of the present status of the Association, and an outline of the work expected of it at the next Convention. I think so.

CHARLES B. KEMP,
President Rochester Alumni Ass'n.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Every Sunday, 3 P.M. December 25th, Holy Communion.

PITTSBURG.

Rev. A. Mann held two services at Trinity Parish House last Saturday, with Rev Allabough assisting. Holy Communion services were held in the morning. After the evening services, the deaf-mutes went into the auditorium where a special place was given for their seats to attend a lecture by Rev. Mr. Samuel Bishop, of New York City. It was an "open public meeting" under the auspices of the Men's Club of Trinity Church. A large attendance of hearing persons was present, and Mr. E. Reed interpreted the lecture for the benefit of the deaf. Rev. Mr. Bishop discussed a lecture on the "Economic and Social Problem of the Colored Man." He declared that the negroes have to pay more rent for their homes than white persons and receive twenty percent less wages, and that the negroes made more rapid progress in a short space of time than any other race in the history of the world, unless you except the Japanese.

Prof. R P. McGregor, of Columbus, O., is booked for a lecture at Eighth Street Reformed Presbyterian Church on Saturday, December 31st, at eight o'clock in the evening. Everybody is welcome to this meeting upon the payment of fifteen cents for the benefit of the Doylestown Home, P. S A. D.

John Friend and W. Worley, who went to Butler County for hunting, reported that two rabbits had been bagged, despite of the fact that the depth of snow varied from six to eleven inches in the county, and in the meantime snow was very thin on the ground in this place when they started for Butler County, forty miles north of this city. John Friend brought good news to the delight of the deaf in the city, that an organization had been effected in the town of Butler under the leadership of Floyd Stoner, a former pupil of the Edgewood School for the Deaf. They meet in a room in the Municipal Building, and have much reading matter, including several papers from the schools for the deaf. They are getting along very good. We hope that they will keep up their enthusiasm in their new organization.

George Davies is happy now that he is able to spend the Christmas Day at his home with his parents and relatives. His home was quarantined last month on account of the scarlet fever and George had to move out and board in Wilkinsburg. The quarantine will be lifted this week.

Rev. Allabough went to Uniontown, Pa., last Friday evening, to hold services, and a number of the deaf-mutes was present. After the services, Mr. Stout took him over to his home to spend the night at Connellsville, Pa. Rev. Mr. Allabough made several trips to some near-by towns where he held services. In each town the deaf show interest in his Mission Work, and want him to come again as soon as he can, to hold services.

The "20" Club's business meeting was held by one of their members, Mr. Henry Bardes, the host, at his house in Wilkinsburg, last Saturday. They took up some important business which means something good for the general welfare of the Club. Mr R. M. Barker, of Johnstown, Pa., was admitted as the new member of the Club and attended the meeting. After the meeting was adjourned the members went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Bardes served them with oyster stew and dainty eatable things until their hungry appetites were satisfied to the full.

A good-sized crowd was present at Trinity Parish House Gymnasium last Thursday evening, where a game of basket-ball was played between the Silent Five and the Beulah A. C. It was one of the best games of the season, featured by Dunn and Durian for the Silents and Hirth and U rich for the opponents. The crowd applauded the good play of Dunn, who threw the ball over his head back into the ring. Davies played a strong defense game. The Silents gave a clever exhibition of teamwork in the second half and had their opponents at sea. The score was 33 to 24 in the Silent Five's favor. The teams lined up as follows :—

SILENT FIVES, (33)	Pos.	BELUAH, (24)
Dunn	Forward	Hirth
Durian	Forward	Walker
Wagner	Center	Ubrich
Holliday	Guard	Schmitt
Davies	Guard	Knechler

Field Goals—Archer, Dunn, 4, Durian, 3, Wagner, 2, Holliday, Davies, 2, Hirth, 6, Ubrich, 4, Walker. Foul Goals—Dunn, 5, Hirth, 1, Ubrich, 1. Missed Foul Goals—Silent, 2, Beluah, 11. Refree, Mr. Mock, of the Trinity Team.

Harry Bardes, '12, the half-back of the Wilkinsburgh High School Foot-Ball Eleven, was elected captain for the next season at the meeting of the team. This honor goes to him on account of his brilliant runs and sure tackling, besides good leadership. He stands high as a scholar in his class. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bardes, who have reason to feel proud.

The Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, closed for the Christmas holidays on December 23d and re-opens January 3d.

The writer wishes all the readers of the JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. and also the same to the Editor, Mr. Hodgson.

FANWOOD.

SANTA CLAUS' VISIT TO FANWOOD.

"It is an unusually jolly season every where!" said Santa Claus to his little friends the Brownies, who had gathered around their old friend's sleigh to hear the latest news from Christmas Land. "I am terribly busy to-night, but I will stop long enough to tell you about the splendid time we had at the Fanwood School yesterday.

"Do tell us all about it," said the Brownie Captain, as they all tumbled into the sleigh, and settled themselves comfortabiy among the big fur robes.

"Well," began Santa, you know I have always enjoyed going to the school, but this was the very best time I've ever had there! I arrived early Tuesday afternoon. The Principal met me as usual in the chapel before the pupils came in, and gave me my instructions. He told me he had some surprises for the whole school. All the boys and girls were to be invited to the Christmas entertainment. You see only the little ones had been there to meet me other years, and I was delighted to hear that the entire great family was to be present for I don't believe that people should ever grow too old to enjoy Christmas.

The Principal also showed me a chimney, the ingenious and skillful kindergartners had made for me. It stood on the platform near the Christmas tree. I laughed when I saw it, for it wasn't much like the brick chimneys I used to enter years ago, but after all it looked like a chimney, though it was just made of red paper. I agreed to hide in it until the boys and girls came into the chapel and were seated. I could peep through a crack and see them all come marching in though they couldn't see me, and never even thought of my being so near them. How many there were, from the babies in the kindergarten all the way up to the tallest cadet officers of the school! The older pupils were so surprised and delighted when the Principal called them from their class rooms to enjoy the Christmas festivities. They were all glad to see Mrs. Currier, Miss Lewis, and other members of the school family, there to greet them.

The chapel was soon crowded with happy, expectaut, boys and girls. Every one admired the beautiful tree. The children in the kindergarten help to make the ornaments for the tree every year, and the platform and the tree were very tastefully decorated by the kindergartners. The pretty tables piled high with candy boxes, were especially attractive.

After awhile the Principal asked the pupils if they missed Santa Claus and would care to see him, I was glad to hear their eager 'Yes! yes!' for many children are not as loyal to me as they used to be. Then the Principal brought the baby boy of the school to the chimney, and had him knock against the sides. What a shout went up from the children when I suddenly popped up and nodded to them from the top of the chimney. Somebody said I looked just like Mr. Jones. Then I skipped out and talked to the boys and girls about the good Christmas time for a few minutes.

There were some little gifts for me to deliver to Mrs. Currier, Miss Lewis, Mr. Van Tassell and others, which were made by the kindergarten children who remain at the school during the holidays. Then the Principal wished all the teachers and their classes to come up on the platform for a nearer view of the tree, and to shake hands with me and receive a box of candy.

Every one thought the Principal's surprise was a great success. I was pleased to see that those boys and girls are beginning to realize that there wouldn't be any Santa Claus at all if it weren't for their good friends at home and at the school."

"Yes," said the Brownie Captain, "you'd have to go out of the business if it weren't for the kind-hearted people in Children's Land."

"Some people have the foolish notion that I'm always jolly," continued Santa Claus, "but you know I'm often sad and discouraged after my Christmas work is over, because I've sometimes seen so much selfishness and ingratitude among the children in places I've visited, but this year the good cheer at Fanwood has made me feel like my merry old self again. Now I must be off."

"Hurrah for Fanwood!" shouted the Brownies as they tumbled out of the sleigh.

The reindeers raised their heads and shook their bells, and at a touch of Santa's whip away they flew, carrying the jolly old fellow back to finish his work in Children's Land. M. S. M.

On Monday evening, the writer was imformed by Principal Currier that if he hied himself to the chapel at half-past one the next day he would see something to his advantage. Acting upon this advice, the writer did as directed, to find a wonderful transformation to have taken place on the platform. The space which the orators of the Fifth Oral Mixed had occupied last Saturday evening—namely, the centre of the stage—now upheld a full-grown fir tree, bedecked and glittering with tinsel, toys and other things which increase the beauty of the tree, thereby getting a stronger bold on the youngster's interest. Around the bottom of the tree were spread toys too heavy to be hung on the tree. On the right of this glittering Yule-tree was a table covered with Christmas designed paper, which upheld countless boxes of candy, five hundred and seventy-five at a guess, arranged for easy distribution. On the left of the tree was an imitation chimney out of which Santa Claus was to make his debut. Everything was arranged to most forcibly impress the spirit of Christmas.

Everything being arranged, all of the Transition, and a little higher, classes were let in to take seats. When all was ready, Principal Currier ascended the platform and spoke to the assenbled youngsters about the yearly advent of Santa Claus, who, he said, was due to arrive today. Taking up the youngest boy present he told him to knock on the chimney. Hardly had the little fellow knocked twice, than the jolly face of Santa Claus, inimitably personified by Mr. Jones, showed above the chimney top as he ascended to bow his greetings. He then came forth, to the vast delight of the assembled youngsters, and spoke of how the exceeding good rumors heard of the behavior of the pupils during the preceding year had caused him to put the school first on his visiting list. He then proceeded to distribute the presents, after which the classes assembled, marched around the tree, each pupil being presented with a box of candy by Santa Claus Jones before descending the platform. It had originally been intended candy should go to the primary grades only, but the Principal extended the scope of generosity more and more, until all the classes were called in the chapel, but they not proving sufficient, the pupils from the Trades Schools were summoned to participate in the candy-fest. After all, from the Principal to the smallest pupil, including the visitors, Mrs. Currier and her niece, Miss Lewis, and others, had a box of candy, in token of the Institution's well wishes, the pupils were dismissed to the regular routine duties of the day.

In the evening the bounty of the Principal was again shown, an exhibition of moving pictures taking place in the same spot Santa Claus made his debut and departure only a few hours gone. Education, interest and humor were the greatest factors shown in the pictures. Upon the conclusion of the exhibition the pupils retired, having enjoyed having first body then brain fed, all in one day.

Fred Fancher, a Prep at Gallaudet College, visited friends at the Institution.

Mr. Stevenson, a Normal student at Gallaudet, called upon the Principal. J. H. Q.

Deaf Boy Rescued by Skaters

HARTFORD, CT., Dec. 26.—Joseph Bennett, a messenger boy, today formed a chain of his skating companions and rescued William Goldwin, a fifteen-year-old deaf and dumb boy, who had been unable to make an outcry when he found himself drowning in Park River. Heavy rain on Saturday had softened the ice in the river and the mute skated into a hole a considerable distance from where other boys were enjoying themselves.

Bennett first crawled carefully to the edge of the ice. Pushing his hockey stick far out, he drew the drowning boy toward him, only to have his plans upset by the other boys. They thought Goldwin was safe and crowded forward, breaking more of the ice. One rescuer fell into the water.

Bennett ordered the boys down on the ice again. The two shivering skaters then were drawn to safety and to dry land. The wet boys were taken to a hotel. Steaming drinks and hot blankets were provided and a surgeon was called.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P. M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Frank E. Lander, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., had four days' visit with old deaf friends in Worcester, Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton, Boston and Lowell. In Holyoke he was initiated into the N. F. S. D, and he was the guest of Miss Yale, the principal of Clarke School, Northampton, Mass., where he graduated few years ago. He had a great time on the road.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

DEC. 24, 1910—School closed for the Christmas vacation at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and at 5:45 about thirty of the pupils were sent home. These live in the northeast section of the state and could not have reached their homes until late the next evening. Thursday morning, the general exodus began, and by noon all but about fifty of the pupils, who will spend the vacation at the school, had reached their homes or were speeding homeward.

The arrangements for sending the children home were entirely in charge of the teachers.

The teachers also are having a vacation, and the majority residing out of town have gone to their homes or are visiting elswhere.

Miss Ethel Zell left Wednesday evening for the East, stopping off in Washington for a couple of days to look in upon Gallaudet and those now connected with it, and thence goes to East Orange, N. J., where she will be the guest of Miss Annabelle Kent. New York City and the School at Washington Heights may also be included on her sight-seeing list.

Henry Richter, a former pupil here, and who for the past seven or eight years has been working as a farm hand for Frank Osborn, was here on a visit this week, trying to secure work, and failing in it will go and go to his parents at Buena Vista, Ohio, to remain till something turns up. His nephew has bought half of the Ross farm and hence the loss of Mr. Richter's place. He visited a number of the New York cities before coming here.

The Dayton Ladies' Aid Society last week, chose the following to serve for 1911: Mrs. Hemselpaugh, President ; Miss Clara Lingle, Vice-President ; Miss Krause, Secretary ; Miss Eva Beger, Treasurer.

The Coumbus Aid Society last week chose these persons to serve as officers for 1911:—President, Mrs. Leib ; Vice-President, Miss Prouty ; Recording Seeretary, Mrs. Zorn ; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles; Treasurer, Mrs. Zell ; Custodian, Miss Jansen.

The total receipts from the scheme whereby each member was to raise $5 or more the past year are $216.18.

Mr. E. E. Bates in the "Town Talk" Column of the Cleveland *Leader* of the 16th inst., pays compliment to two of Cleveland's prominent deaf thus :

"Deaf people are generally ingenious. Always they are ambitious. There, for instance, is Mr. David Friedman, of the city chemist department. When Halley's comet was expected along Mr. Friedman constructed a telescope, making every part of the apparatus in his own little workshop. He has more recently completed a camera diaphram, bellows, shutter and all, without once buying a 'ready made' part.

"Then in the city Forester's department is Mr. Charles Nellie, one of the most expert tree wardens in the country. Mr. Nellie has devoted many precious hours to the various "spray" preparations for saving trees. In an orchard, in which he was given free swing when the trees were in bloom last Spring, the recent harvest showed that 95 per cent of the apples were marketable. In an orchard over the fence, where there had been no spraying, 60 per cent of the apples were fit only to feed to the stock."

Reporters for the daily press do get things terribly mixed up when they tackle anything partaining to the deaf, and as is generally the case the latter get the worst of it too. The clipping in the last JOURNAL from the Cleveland *Leader* in which it was stated that churches objected to the presence of the deaf in their congregations and their Sunday schools, and that there were a great many heathen among the class, were simply the utterance of a reporter misconstrueing what was really said.

The following from Mrs. Bates explains the matter :

"MY DEAR FRIEND :—Most assuredly I was quite misquoted in that silly little story that appeared in the *Leader* last Monday. The young man responsible was sent out to me with a note from Mr. Bates on another matter, and happened in the church while I was teaching the Bible Class. At its close I suggested to one of the girls that she commit to memory the "Lord is My Shepherd." She said she had no Bible. I asked her if she had never had one, and she said, 'No.' So I asked one of the church officials if I might borrow one of church Bibles for her to take home. He came forward with a very fine one of his own, and gave it to her. We all langhed, and I said to him (the church official): 'You see there are people in a big city who need Bibles just as much as the heathen do.' The young man overheard the remark, unfortunately, and took the liberty of making copy of it without my knowledge. The other part about the churches objecting to opening their doors to the deaf was a queer twisting of what I said to him. He asked if there were any other Bible Classes for the deaf belonging to any other Sunday School. I said 'No, not that I knew of, as it was a very difficult matter to open the churches to the deaf'—going on to explain how hard it was to get interpreters, etc. Unfortunately he changed this to mean that the churches found it objectionable instead of merely difficult to open to the deaf. It is only another instance of ignorance of the deaf and of common language, just as he spoke of the 'spelling of the blind.'"

Miss Ada Adair left last evening for Salem, O., for a week's visit with her parents and friends.

Mr. R. P. McGregor will entertain the Pittsburgers on the night of the closing day of 1910, at the Eighth Street Reformed Presbyterian Church with a reading. The "XX Club" has the matter in charge.

Here's wishing to all the JOURNAL readers a prosperous happy year.

A. B. G.

CHICAGO.

Charles H. Angle, a well known deaf man and member of the Pas-a-Pas Club, died on December 18th, in Washington Park Hospital, after an unsuccessful operation to save his life. His death was a great surprise to his many friends, who had previously been informed that he was progressing favorably after having gone under the surgeon's knife. A twisted intestine some ten inches in length had to be cut in two, but the operation failed to give him the lease of life that was expected of it. Rev. Mr. Flick conducted the funeral services on the 21st, and the body was taken to Mount Hope Cemetery for interment.

Mr. Angle was a graduate of the Illinois School, of the class of 1878, and bore a good record as a pupil. He had a deaf sister, who attended school with him, Mary E. Angle, a beautiful woman, who later became the wife of Charles Reed, of Menasha, Wis., for many years assistant postmaster at that place. After graduating Mr. Angle lived in Topeka, Kan., for several years, and subsequently went to West Superior, Wis., where he was married to Miss Viola Hibbard. Several years ago they moved to Chicago, and Mr. Angle was employed in one of the departments of the City Railway Company at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and two children, a boy and a girl, aged 14 and 16, respectively, who are sorrowing over the passing away of a good husband and father.

Mrs. Frieda B. Carpenter was granted a divorce from her husband, Roy C. Carpenter, on December 16th, and was given her maiden name of Frieda Bauman. The divorce was given because of desertion, her husband having failed to contribute to her support for several years. They had been living apart seven years. Mr. Carpenter is a sculptor and resides in New York.

The Methodists had their Christmas tree in the First M. E. Church, and December 22d, and the Episcopalians on the 24th. It was bitter cold on the latter date.

Mrs. Moore, of Niagara Falls, Ont., has been visiting in Chicago for several weeks. She is a widow and is reported to be well off.

A number of the deaf of Chicago received their dividends from the Howard Investment Company, and are happy.

The great Garment Workers' strike has affected quite a number of deaf people. It looks as if it would be settled in the near future.

At the last business meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club a letter of greeting was read from Chester C. Codman. He still keeps his whereabouts a mystery, though there are three deaf people in Chicago who have long known where he is, and have been in communication with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gunner spent two weeks in Texas visiting the former's relatives. They went on a pass, the young man being a clerk in one of the Rock Island's offices here. It is not everybody who is so lucky.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Nancy Moore, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, while in Chicago were guests of Mrs. E. Des Roches for two weeks. A social was given in their honor on December 10th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Des Roches, at which twenty-five deaf-mutes were present.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)
Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.
Bible Class, immediately after services.
Clerc Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

Church Mission.

MID-WESTERN DISTRICT.

The Rev. Austin Ward Mann, M.A., *General Missionary* in charge, 10021 Wilbur Avenue, S. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

PRINCIPAL MISSIONS.

Cleveland, O., St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Church.
Toledo, O., St. Martin's Mission, Trinity Church.
Akron, O., Grace Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Canton, O., Epiphany Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Youngstown, O., Emmanuel Mission, St. John's Church.
Columbus, S. O., All Saints' Mission, Trinity Church, Miss May Greener, Interpreter at regular morning services.
Cincinnati, S. O., St. Mark's Mission, St Paul's Cathedral.
Dayton, S. O., St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church.
Portsmouth, S. O., Holy Faith Mission, All Saints' Church.
Pittsburg, Pa., St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Brewster R. Allabough and Frank A. Leitner, Lay Readers,
Detroit, Mich., Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Church.
Flint, Mich., St. Aidan's Mission, St. Paul's Church.
Grand Rapids, W. Mich., St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral.
Kalamazoo, W. Mich., Ascension Mission, St. Luke's Church, Martin M. Taylor, Lay Reader.
Indianapolis, Ind., St. Alban's Mission Christ Church, Nathaniel Field Morrow, Lay Reader.
Louisville, Ky., All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral.
Danville, Lex. Calvary Mission, Trinity Church.

HOWARD INVESTMENT CO.

27TH CONSECUTIVE DIVIDEND.

DULUTH, MINN., Dec. 6, 1910.

The Board of Directors has this day declared out of the Company's NET earnings for the past six months, the regular SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of TWO and ONE-HALF (2½ per cent.) PER CENT, on the Preferred Stock and a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of FOUR (4 per cent.) PER CENT. on the Common Stock of the Company, payable on January 1st, 1911, to stockholders of record upon the books of the Company at the close of business December 30th, 1910.

All Dividends will be paid by check on the National City Bank of New York and mailed to stockholders as usual.

JAY COOKE HOWARD, Secretary.

Facts Showing Duluth's Growth.

	1900	1910
Population	52,969	78,466
Transfers recorded for the year ending June 30	$104,362.47	$328,251.05
Valuation	$24,600,333	$41,385,224
Building permits	229	1,517
Value of new buildings	$511,021	†$13,147,239
Bank clearing for ten months		$215,484,419.77
Ore shipment, three roads	19,059,393	30,569,215
Total tonage handled	11,795,245	*32,589,301
Value of tonage	$135,109,196	*$201,509,159
School attendance	10,151	13,033
Miles of paved streets	31.07	69.98
Cost of running city, all purposes	$773,522.62	$1,581,718.68

*For year 1909. †For eleventh months.

Cities Duluth Passed in Population in the Past Ten Years.

	1900.	1910.	
DULUTH	52,969	78,466	
Savannah, Ga	54,244	65,064	
Charlestown, S. C	55,807	65,000	est.
Peoria, Ill	56,100	66,950	
Utica, N. Y.	56,383	74,419	
Manchester, N. H	56,987	70,063	
Evansville, Ind	59,007	69,647	
Hoboken, N. J	59,364	70,324	
Somerville, Mass	61,643	77,236	
Troy, N. Y	75,657	76,813	

SUPPER
AND
Entertainment

BY THE

Woman's Parish Aid Society

TO BE HELD IN THE

GUILD ROOM

OF

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

511-13 West 148th Street

Wednesday, February 22, 1911

Tickets to Entertainment and Supper, **35 cents**

SECOND ANNUAL

Entertainment
AND BALL

OF THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes Athletic Association

AT THE

Yorkville Casino

86th Street bet. 2d and 3d Aves.

Saturday Evening April 29, 1911

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

Music by Prof. John D. Sweyd

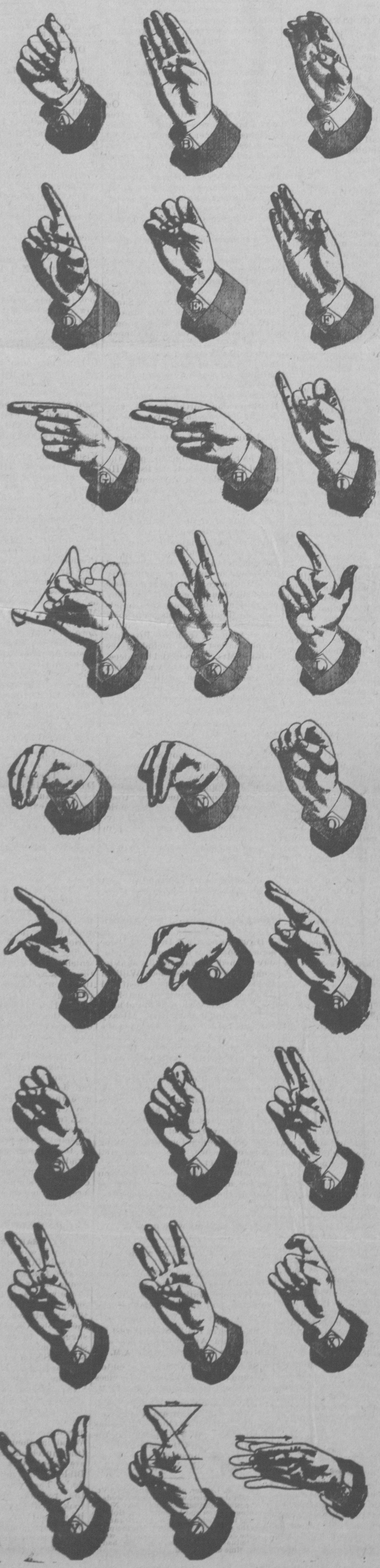
ADMISSION, - FIFTY CENTS
(including wardrobe)

Seats in boxes 25 cents extra.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Joe Sweyd, *Chairman*
Abraham Eisenberg — Louis Blumenthal
Adolph Pfandler — Henry Hecht
[Particulars later]

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET



1904 **1911**

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL

OF THE

Hollywood Fraternity

AT THE

YORKVILLE CASINO

86TH STREET, BETWEEN 2D AND 3D AVENUES

Saturday Evening, January 7, 1911

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

A company of the best amateur actors among the deaf will present the side-splitting farce,

"TURN HIM OUT"

Upon special request, and through the courtesy of Principal Currier, the MOVING PICTURE films of the FANWOOD CADETS and FIELD MUSIC, and also of Prof. Jones in his SEVEN AGES OF MAN, etc., will be shown.

Music by Prof. John D. Sweyd

Admission, - (including wardrobe check) - **Fifty Cents**

Seats in Boxes, 25 Cents Extra

Box seats may be reserved by addressing the Chairman, Harry Powell, 504 West 172d Street, New York City.

SAME PLACE AS LAST YEAR
AN EQUALLY GOOD TIME ASSURED
OR PERHAPS A BETTER TIME

Brooklyn Division, No. 23
N. F. S. D.

for the second time has the honor to announce its Mid-Winter Society Event, offering a

Grand Fancy Dress Ball

at the superb and unsurpassed

IMPERIAL HALL, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn

Nearer to New York's City Hall than any high-class ball room in New York City. Entrance on Red Hook Lane, one block above Borough Hall (first stop of subway train from Manhattan.)

Saturday Evening, February 4th, 1911.

Worth-while Prizes for Costume Effects. The Division will maintain its reputation in this line.

MUSIC BY PROF. B. HILGEMAN

Admission, - (including wardrobe) - **50 Cents**

COMMITTEE—Frank E. Fluhr (Chairman), Walter B. Taylor, John M. Black, Theo. I. Lounsbury, Adolph Berg.

SAME PLACE AS LAST YEAR
A GOOD TIME, FULL OF FUN, FROLIC
AND LAUGHTER ASSURED

New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society

for the second time has the pleasure to announce to the public its winter society event, offering a

MASQUERADE & CIVIC BALL

at the largest and unsurpassed

Arion Hall, 235-37 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.

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